Catching Stars

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Catching Stars

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Opera and his trainer get drunk and have a hot, sweaty, noisy, fluffy dry humping session

Notes

Rare fluff drop only because I love opera

I want him and I want him bad

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

A stage. For all intents and purposes, that is what it was.

A stage of flattened emerald turf and roaring, screaming adoration. This was his element, his kingdom. In conditions like this he thrived like no other.

The din of the exhibition race had mostly mellowed out by now, feeling nothing more than the warm, pressing buzz of the meet-and-greet, a sea of interested sponsors and amazed fans, all clamoring for a moment, a sliver of attention from the various racers who had all come out to perform.

And at the center of it all, he burned like a constellation, a vision in gold, every bit the Centurial Overlord he proclaimed himself to be.

“Ha ha ha ha!” His resonant, theatrical laughter was a decree that commanded attention, effortlessly parting the crowds around him. He struck a pose for a gaggle of reporters, one hand on his hip, the other gesturing to the heavens as if plucking a star from the sky to pin to his chest alongside his other medals. “Did you all witness it? I shan’t blame you if you hadn’t! I fear such blinding radiance could be fatal if observed for but a moment too long!”

You walked at minimum a half-step behind him, a familiar orbit you had long since learned to occupy. It was the safest place to be, close enough to manage this stupid, chaotic force of nature, but hopefully just outside the blast radius. But as you were more than aware of at this point, managing Opera was like trying to suggest a new orbit to a planet. He moved according to his own gravitational pull, and everyone else was simply caught in his wake.

Finding an opening when he was turning to address a different section of that gathering crowd, you stepped forward, offering a pristine white towel that you had been carrying. “A magnificent race, Opera. Truly.” You let out a sigh that you expertly disguised as a thoughtful inhalation, even giving him a little flourish with a hand motion.

He deigned to accept the towel, not to wipe the single, glistening bead of sweat from his temple, but to incorporate it into his performance, draping it over his arm like a royal sash. “Merely magnificent? Trainer, you are too modest on my behalf! It was life-giving! A testament to perfection made manifest! Those who witnessed it today

shall tell their children, and their children's children, of the day they saw the Overlord fly!"

You simply nodded along, hoping to keep his attention long enough to even hope to suggest that he give a little of that "perfection" towards the sponsors. "Speaking of your performance, it was so great that one of Tracen's elite wanted to have a word. So if you wouldn't mind?"

His purple eyes, ringed with those curious, small pupils, sparkled with manic energy. "Well it's no surprise! Of course, the patrons wish to speak with me. It is only natural to seek the warmth of the sun! I too would wish to bask in the light of the Overlord if given the chance."

Despite his words somewhat resembling agreement, his eyes drifted straight past the waiting executive nearby and went over into the crowd. You knew this look well. This was the hunt. Post-race, flush with victory and adrenaline, Opera's appetites often turned from glory on the track to conquest off of it. You'd seen it dozens of times: a star-struck fan, a rival racer, even sometimes if a particularly pretty journalist caught his eye. He would try to sweep them up in his charismatic whirlwind for an evening, at this point you weren't even sure if the sponsors were safe.

It was pretty easy to tell when Opera found his target. You saw the shift immediately. It was a subtle change in his posture, a sharpening of his focus, like a hawk spotting a field mouse from a great height. His eyes landed on some pretty, blushing umamusume from a rival team with short brown hair. Opera's smile, already wide, curled with some stupid, royal charm. He took a step, his movements full of smug confidence, a prince preparing to sweep a maiden off his feet.

"Ah, what have we here? A fledgling sparrow, mesmerized by the eagle's flight…" he murmured, his voice a low, seductive croon.

Your stomach did a slow, tired flip. Not here. Not now. This event was crawling with the academy's most important benefactors. His usual post-race flings were a matter you'd learned to discreetly manage—or rather, ignore—but ignoring it now, in a veritable fishbowl of media and money, was not an option.

"Opera." You tried to discreetly spit out as you moved quickly, stepping into his path, a maneuver that felt akin to standing in front of a decorative but very solid freight train. You kept your voice low, a tight, urgent whisper meant for his ears only. "Opera! What are you doing? Can you not keep it in your pants for a single event?"

He stopped, his body so close you could feel the heat radiating from him. For a moment, he just looked down at you, the smile never leaving his face, but the light in his eyes dimming into something less charming and more… annoyed. It was the look of a monarch being given an unwelcome suggestion by an advisor.

“No?” he repeated, the word a soft puff of disbelief. He let out a short, sharp laugh, tilting his head back. “Hah! Trainer, you misunderstand. I am simply seeking an audience to which I can celebrate the occasion with! What is a celebratory finale without friends to share it with?”

“Look, your little finale can wait until we’re not surrounded by every major sports journalist in the country,” you hissed back, your hands clenching at your sides. “Please. For me. Just behave for another hour.”

He considered you, his gaze sweeping over your face, your tense posture, your desperate eyes. Then, with a dramatic sigh that ruffled his orange bangs, he turned his attention back to the crowd, his gaze sweeping over them with minor disdain. “Hmph. Perhaps you are right. Upon closer inspection…” he scanned the faces, dismissing each one with an imperceptible flick of his eyes. “Perhaps here are no co-stars here worthy of sharing my spotlight. The brilliance would simply be too much for them to bear. A tragedy, but one they must endure.”

You felt a wave of relief so profound it almost made you dizzy. You had done it. You had actually…

“However,” he said, his voice dropping to that same intimate, dangerous croon he’d used before. And then, his full, undivided attention was on you. It was like suddenly having a two ton weight dropped directly on top of your shoulders. His hand came up, and a single finger traced a line along your jaw, a touch that was both shockingly gentle and terrifyingly firm. “The one who prepares the stage… the one who understands the passion and the fire required to fuel such a performance… The one who is not blinded by my light, but stands beside it, helping it grow…”

Your breath hitched in your throat. Oh no.

His purple eyes drank you in, a slow, appreciative survey that made you feel like a prized piece of art he was considering acquiring. “My heart burns… It burns with raging passion after such a victory! And it is a fire that must be shared, lest it consume even me.” He leaned in closer, his voice a faint voice that tickled your ear. “You, my trainer.

You shall be the one to help me celebrate. It is only fitting, is it not? That the architect of my triumph should be the first to revel in it?"

Your mind raced, searching for an excuse, a denial, a polite way to say 'absolutely not.' But the words wouldn't form. You saw the glint in his eyes—it wasn't a request. It was a declaration. A royal decree. To refuse would be to cause the very scene you were trying to avoid. He would turn your refusal into a grand, tragic monologue right here on the track.

You swallowed, forcing a smile so as to not immediately set him off. "Opera, that's… a great honor. But I'm busy enough as is, I have to compile the race data and…"

"Enough!" he cut you off, showing clearly that if it came to it he was much louder. "There is no need to speak further! Your duties are to me, and your highest duty now is to accompany your star!" His excitement was palpable, a manic energy you definitely did not possess. He saw the strained look on your face and misinterpreted it completely, or perhaps, chose to interpret it in a way that suited his narrative.

"I understand your deep feelings about it," he said, his expression softening into one of profound, self-satisfied understanding. "I, too, become overwhelmed when I look at myself in the mirror. To be chosen by me… it is a lot to take in. But do not fret."

Before you could protest further, he took your arm, linking it with his own. His grip was firm, his arm guard cool against your skin. It wasn't a companionable gesture, you were his accessory for the evening. As he began to steer you through the crowd, a triumphant smile on his face, you made a split-second calculation. Getting into an argument with him right now would be nothing less than a disaster. Letting him drag some poor fan or rival away could be even worse.

This… this was damage control. By staying with him, you could at least attempt to keep him on a leash, no matter how insufferable he could be sometimes.

"Well then," he declared to you, and to the world at large. "Let us once more embark back to the Overlord's quarters!"

Chapter 2

The walk from the track to the dormitories was, in short, surreal. His hand remained firmly linked with your arm, as he practically strutted around with his head held up high. The fading bustle of the crowd leaving Tracen in the distance behind you with every step, replaced by the gentle chirping of evening cicadas as you two walked along the path.

With the sun dipping below the horizon, the sky was painted in dramatic strokes of orange and purple, a backdrop that felt entirely too fitting for the overeager racer currently towing you along as if you were a prize he had just won.

You repeated the rationalization in your head repeatedly on your way over: “This is just to keep him calm. Go to his room, let him monologue about his greatness for an hour, drink a glass of water, and make an excuse about early morning training schedules. It’s just an extension of the job.” It was a flimsy shield of logic, but it was the only one you had against the reality of the situation. You were willingly walking into the lion’s den, telling yourself it was just to admire it’s mane.

The Tracen Academy dorms were well-appointed, but Opera’s room was on another level entirely. The moment he pushed the door open you could already tell without a doubt that it belonged to him. The goddamn air itself smelled expensive, like some fancy hotel. It was less a student’s room and more a personal museum, a shrine dedicated to the cult of T.M. Opera O.

Your eyes were immediately drawn to the main wall, where a massive, custom-built shelving unit groaned under the weight of various achievements. G1 trophies, gleaming gold and silver under the warm lamplight, were lined up in chronological order. Medals hung from crimson ribbons, framed photographs captured him at the peak of a dozen different victories, and a truly enormous oil painting of him, depicted in a regal, Napoleonic pose, lorded over the entire room. The furniture was all dark wood and plush, red velvet, and instead of a simple desk and chair, there was an ornate vanity with a mirror framed in gilded laurels.

“Where the hell do you get the money for all this?”

“Hahahaha!”

“That’s not an answer.”

“Behold!” Opera declared, his voice resonating out loud in an echo in the large expanse of the room. He finally released your arm only to capture your hand, his much larger, warmer fingers lacing through yours. He led you to the trophy case, his thumb stroking slow circles over the back of your hand. “Each of these is but a single act in the grand opera of my career. But you, my trainer… you are the only one who has seen the rehearsals. You know the fire that forges such brilliance.”

He leaned in, his breath ghosting across your cheek as he pointed with his free hand to the gleaming Satsuki Sho trophy. “Do you remember this one? The roar of the crowd when I took the lead in the final stretch… It was your strategy, your guidance, that helped compose that perfect crescendo.” His voice was a low, mesmerizing hum, and his proximity was overwhelming. You could see the flecks of gold in his purple irises. He was trying to weave a spell with his words, to draw you into his reality where this was a shared, romantic triumph.

It was too much. The heat in the room, the grip on your hand, the compliments—it was all designed to disarm you, to make you pliant. Summoning a reserve of professionalism you barely felt, you gently but firmly extracted your hand from his.

“It was your speed and stamina that won the race, Opera, your body,” you said, your voice steadier than you expected. You took a half-step back, creating a sliver of precious space between you. “You earned that trophy. My job is just to help you prepare.”

A flicker of something—irritation, perhaps—crossed his features, so fast you might have imagined it. It was immediately replaced by a look of theatrical hurt. He recoiled, pressing a hand to his chest as if you had physically struck him.

“Alas!” he lamented, his voice thick with mock tragedy. “Spurned! To have my heartfelt praise thrown back in my face with such… such modesty! A cruel blow, my trainer. A cruel blow indeed!” He held the pose for a moment longer before a grin broke through, the performance dissolving. He let out a short, airy laugh. “Hehe. Very well. You are determined to play the stoic director. I shall not push.” For now, his eyes seemed to add.

His energy shifted, becoming bright and purposeful. “But a celebration is still in order! You must be weary from the stress of watching my

magnificent victory. Please, rest yourself!" He gestured dramatically toward one of the chaise lounges near the wall that looked like it belonged in a palace.

Before you could even process the invitation, he was moving. For someone so large and dedicated to grand, sweeping gestures, he could be surprisingly quick, "scampering," as he put it, toward a small, ornate cabinet in the corner of the room.

"A libation is required!" he announced, his back to you as he swung the cabinet doors open. "A toast to the dawning of a new era, the age of the Overlord!"

The word 'libation' immediately set you off, forming a knot in your stomach. "Opera, I don't think—"

"Nonsense!" He turned, and in his hands was a bottle of champagne, the green glass dark and expensive-looking, its label a swirl of elegant, foreign script. He was already working at the cork. "Victory without champagne is like a performance without an audience—unthinkable really."

"I'm your trainer. I really shouldn't be drinking with you, especially not in your room," you protested. This was a line, a clear and important one, and you were watching him prepare to bulldoze right over it like it wasn't your ass that was on the line.

He ignored your protest entirely, his focus on the task at hand. The cork flew off with a loud POP that made you jump, and he let out a small laugh. He procured two large crystal flutes from the same cabinet, their stems impossibly thin.

"I insist," he said, his voice not really leaving any room for argument. He poured the bubbling, pale gold liquid into both glasses, the fizzing sound filling your ears. He turned and approached you, holding one of the flutes out like an offering. His smile was radiant, his eyes sparkling with apparent glee. He was backing you into a corner, and he knew it. Refusing now, especially right after a drink had already been poured would be rude. It would cause a far bigger problem than just accepting the drink.

You looked from his expectant face to the glass being offered to you. Your resolve giving just a little bit. One drink, you told yourself, the rationalization kicking in again. Just one drink to appease him, and then I'm gone.

With a sigh that was lost in the sound of the fizzing champagne, you reached out and took the glass from him. Your fingers brushed against his, and the brief contact felt like the closing of a lock.

“To our latest act,” he said, raising his own glass. His eyes shone with triumph, not just from the race, but from this, his latest victory right here in this room. “To the greatest opera of all time.”

You took a small, hesitant sip from the crystal flute, the effervescence prickling your tongue. The taste was… exquisite. Far from the cheap, sickly sweet sparkling wine you’d expected, this was dry, complex, with notes of fruits or nuts that were toasted inside. It was a champagne of staggering quality, the kind served at galas you only read about. The single sip slid down your throat with a pleasant, sophisticated warmth, a subtle traitor already beginning its work on your defenses.

“And then, at the final turn, did you see the desperation in Mejiro McQueen’s eyes?” Opera launched into his usual monologue, gesturing with his own flute and sending droplets of champagne arcing through the air. “She thought she could match my tempo! A valiant effort, for a commoner! It is like a sparrow attempting to sing an aria alongside the nightingale. Admirable, but ultimately, futile!”

You nodded along, offering a quiet “mhm” or “of course” when he paused for breath, which was rare. You focused on sipping your drink, letting the cool liquid and his grand, self-aggrandizing narrative wash over you. The warmth in your stomach began to spread, unknotting the tight ball of anxiety that had been lodged there since you’d left the track. This wasn’t so bad. He just needed an audience. You could be an audience, especially for a drink this good.

Before you’d managed to get more than halfway down your first glass, however, he was leaning over you with the bottle again, its neck propped against the rim of your flute.

“Opera, really, I’m still working on this one,” you protested weakly, a sliver of your professional caution returning.

“The fire of victory must be constantly stoked, dear trainer!” he declared, topping up your glass until the bubbles threatened to spill over the edge. “To let your glass go empty would be an insult to the very concept of celebration! I will not allow it!”

His insistence was a force of nature. Arguing felt as pointless as telling a hurricane to be less windy. A sigh escaped you, but it was softer this

time, tinged with resignation. The line had been crossed when you took the first sip. What was the real difference between one glass and two? You took another, deeper drink. The alcohol was definitely loosening the rigid posture you held, letting your shoulders slump slightly against the velvet cushions.

An hour melted away in a haze of champagne and theatrical anecdotes. The one-sided monologue slowly, insidiously, transformed into a conversation. He would ask for your opinion on a race, and you'd find yourself offering a more detailed analysis than you intended. He'd make a ridiculously bombastic joke, and a genuine laugh would bubble up out of you, surprising you with its sincerity. You were going back and forth, your responses growing less guarded with every sip, the warm buzz making you feel witty and relaxed.

And with your guard lowered, he renewed his campaign.

"Your eyes," he said, his voice dropping to that intimate, purring register again. He leaned forward, his own gaze intense. "They are so sharp. When you watch the race tapes, you see things no one else does. You see the soul of the race. It is a gift."

"I'm just doing my job," you mumbled, the words feeling clumsy on your tongue. A blush was creeping up your neck, hot and unwelcome. You tried to brush it off, to redirect. "Anyone could see that runner was favoring her left leg."

"No," he insisted, his voice soft but firm. He reached across the space between you, his fingers gently tucking a stray strand of hair behind your ear. His touch lingered, sending a jolt through your system that had nothing to do with the champagne. "Not anyone. Only you."

You tried for a playful dismissal, batting his hand away, but your movements were slow, syrupy with drink. "Alright alright, quit it, you." The words came out breathless, flirtatious. It wasn't what you meant to say at all, but there it was, hanging in the air between you.

A slow, triumphant smile spread across his face. He had found a crack in your armor. "But I cannot stop! How can the sun stop shining? It is my nature to recognize and praise true brilliance. And you, my trainer, are far more brilliant than you allow yourself to believe."

He was relentless, a rising tide of praise and compliments that washed over your crumbling defenses. He praised your steady hands when you adjusted his gear, the calming tone of your voice before a race, the way you never failed to have his favorite post-run drink ready. Each

compliment was a carefully polished stone, building a bridge between you. You found yourself blushing furiously, looking down into your glass, unable to meet his intense eyes. The room felt warm, and it was spinning ever so gently.

At some point, you'd stood to get a closer look at a framed photograph, your balance not quite what it should be. The moment you were on your feet, he patted the velvet cushion right beside him on the chaise lounge.

"Come, do not stand so far away!" he commanded, his voice rich and inviting. "The stage is lonely without its director. Sit."

And you did. Without the usual internal war, without the frantic risk assessment, you simply turned and sat down next to him. The change was immediate, the space between you was gone, your thigh pressing against his, his sheer size and body heat enveloping you. He immediately draped an arm around your shoulders, pulling you against his side. It felt like leaning against a warm, solid wall that smelled of roses and champagne.

Your head felt fuzzy, your thoughts drifting like bubbles to the surface. Before you could process the proximity, he took your free hand, the one not holding the flute, and brought it to his lips. He pressed a soft, deliberate kiss to your knuckles, his eyes never leaving yours.

"To my greatest treasure," he murmured against your skin.

A dizzying flutter erupted in your stomach. You knew, on some distant, sober level, that this was wrong. This was a cascade of crossed lines and shattered boundaries. But that sober part of you was very, very far away. Right now, there was only the warmth of his body, the softness of his lips on your skin, the heady fizz of champagne on your tongue, and his voice, telling you everything you'd never known you wanted to hear.

You didn't pull your hand away. Instead, you took another long, slow drink from your glass, your eyes fluttering half-closed as you leaned into his embrace, playfully, perilously, allowing it all.

The champagne had dissolved the hard edges of your professionalism, leaving you soft and pliable in his grasp. His arm, draped around your shoulders, tightened, pulling you more firmly against the solid warmth of his torso. The hand that had kissed your knuckles so chastely did not remain idle; it began a slow, drawing exploration. His fingers

traced the line of your collarbone, then drifted down your side, his touch both a caress and a push. Each point of contact sent a confusing jumble of pleasure and alarm through your hazy mind.

“So strong, for a human,” he murmured, his voice a husky purr near your ear. His hand settled on your waist, his thumb pressing into the soft flesh above your hip. “You carry the weight of my ambitions without complaint. You are a pillar… a beautiful, sturdy pillar at my side that keeps me afoot.”

His other hand came up to cup your cheek, tilting your face towards his. The praise continued to flow, a relentless, intoxicating river of words that made your head spin faster than the alcohol. His hand slid from your waist, moving with unnerving confidence to rest high on your thigh, its warmth seeping through the fabric of your clothes.

A clear, sharp note of panic finally managed to pierce the fog. “Opera… wait,” you stammered, trying to squirm away, to put some space between you. It was a futile effort. His grip on your thigh tightened, not painfully, but with an immovable certainty.

“Wait for what, trainer?” he whispered, his eyes glowing with a fire that only seemed to burn hotter the longer it went on. “I merely wish to pursue where this path inevitably leads us.”

Your half-hearted resistance only seemed to embolden him. Your weak attempts to push at his shoulders were met with an amused chuckle as he shifted his weight, easily overpowering you. In one fluid, shockingly powerful motion, he pressed you back against the chaise, his body covering yours like a living blanket, eclipsing the soft lamplight. The scent of his perfume was overwhelming, the weight of him pinning you to the velvet cushions.

“No, we shouldn’t… this is…” The words died in your throat as one of his large hands captured both of your wrists, pinning them in a surprisingly gentle but utterly unbreakable grip to the rest above your head. You were completely immobilized.

“This is… destiny,” he finished for you, his voice thick with that stupid romantic lilt that you came to adore in the last couple hours. He lowered his head, his soft orange hair tickling your cheek as he pressed his face into the curve of your neck. He nuzzled against your skin, his lips finding the sensitive spot just below your ear. A soft, wet kiss was followed by the sharp, unexpected pressure of his teeth, a playful but clearly possessive nip that sent a shiver down your spine.

“Opera, please,” you gasped, twisting your head, trying to find the words to break this spell. “We have to stop. This is… this is too much.”

For a moment, he pulled back, and you saw his face hovering above yours. He was pouting, a comical expression of disappointment that was utterly at odds with the situation. “Too much? But the celebration has only just begun! Ah, I see the problem.” His eyes lit up with a flash of inspiration. “Your glass is empty again!”

Before you could argue, he released your wrists and reached for the champagne flute still sitting on the end table. You saw your chance, trying to sit up, to scramble away, but he was faster. He pushed you back down with one hand on your shoulder and brought the brimming glass to your lips.

“Drink, my love,” he commanded. “Share in my victory.”

You turned your head, and the cool, bubbling liquid sloshed over the rim of the glass, spilling down your chin and drenching the front of your shirt. The shock of the cold liquid made you gasp, and the fresh wave of alcohol that found its way into your mouth clouded your brain anew, derailing whatever coherent thought you were trying to form.

“Forgive me,” he giggled, a sound of pure, drunken amusement.

And in that moment of hazy, warm confusion, he made his move. His free hand came up, his fingers cupping the back of your head as his other hand cupped your jaw, holding your face still. “There,” he whispered, his thumb stroking your wet skin. “A proper christening.”

He lowered his face to yours, and his lips met yours. For a single, fleeting second, it was just a chaste press, warm and tasting of champagne. But that was all the prelude you were granted. The kiss instantly devolved, his mouth slanting over yours as he gently pried your lips apart.

The sensation was delicious. An umamusume’s anatomy, you registered with a distant part of your brain, was scaled up in every respect. His tongue, a muscle much larger and stronger than yours, slipped past your teeth and filled your mouth completely. It was a swirling, muscular presence, leaving no room for your own, no space to breathe, no moment to think. It probed and explored with an insistent, dominant rhythm, tasting of sweet champagne and his own unique flavor. He held your face tightly, his grip unyielding as he

deepened the kiss, a sloppy, wet, all-consuming act of possession. The world narrowed to the crushing pressure of his mouth, the movement of his tongue, and the undeniable truth that you had lost all control.

Your brain was a great messy storm of crossed, mismatched signals. The awful burning in your lungs screamed for air, but every time you thought a gasp was possible, his mouth was on yours again, his tongue sweeping past your lips to steal whatever breath you had left.

The world had shrunk to this single point of contact: the overwhelming, proprietary kisses of your own racer. You were caged, his powerful limbs bracketing your body, his hands a firm, hungry cradle for your head, tilting you to the perfect angle for him to go even deeper.

At first, your own tongue had tried to put up a pathetic defense, a clumsy shove against the overwhelming force of his. It was almost entirely futile, a performative gesture simply done to prolong the inevitable. His was simply too large, too strong, and there was nothing you could do to stop it from mapping the interior of your mouth with an owner's confidence, sliding against the roof, teasing the back of your throat, entwining with yours until your weak struggles ceased and you were simply following his lead.

The kiss was messy, wet, every inch flavored with the champagne and the heady taste of his saliva. It went on for an impossibly long time, a deep, continuous plunder that left you dizzy, your mind dissolving into a pleasant, oxygen-deprived haze.

When he finally pulled back, it was only by an inch. Your lips were swollen, sensitive, and you panted against his mouth, dragging in a ragged breath. His purple eyes were dark, half-lidded with a drunken, smug lust.

"So sweet…" he murmured, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through his chest into yours. "So sweet you are my dear trainer." Before you could respond, he leaned in again, this time catching your bottom lip between his teeth, tugging gently, insistently until you gave up. A tiny, sharp thrill shot through you, and a soft noise of surrender escaped your throat.

This was the turning point. The last vestiges of your resistance crumbled, washed away by alcohol and raw, physical domination. The fear and panic were gone, replaced by a pliant, hazy desire to simply let this happen, to be consumed by the compelling force of his

affection. When he kissed you again, you kissed him back, your movements clumsy and uncoordinated but full of a desperate, drunken need. Your hands, no longer fighting him, crept up to cling to his broad shoulders, holding on as if he were the only solid thing in a spinning world.

He seemed to sense that shift instantly. A low, pleased hum started deep in his throat. He pulled back from the kiss again, his gaze fixed on your mouth.

“So pretty,” he whispered, his voice thick with adoration. He traced the outline of your swollen lips with the tip of his gloved finger. “So very responsive. Open for me, my lovely director.”

It was a simple request that held no real weight, but you obeyed without thinking. You parted your lips, and he slipped two of his fingers past them. They felt huge in your mouth, and your tongue instinctively curled around them as you suckled weakly, the taste of his sweat mixing with the champagne. His eyes dropped further, and he watched you with a casual intensity, his thumb stroking your cheek as you complied with every single silent demand. He was in complete control, and in your inebriated state, there was a strange, intoxicating comfort in that surrender.

You were being utterly swept away, charmed and disarmed by his relentless onslaught of praise and physical affection. The world was soft-focus and warm, and this magnificent, powerful prince above you thought you were the most wonderful thing in it. All you wanted was more.

When he finally slid his fingers from your mouth, you let out a soft whine of protest. You clung to him, pressing your face against his chest, melting into his embrace. “Opera…” you breathed, the name a sigh of complete capitulation.

A wide, genuinely delighted smile spread across his face. Opera had won. Not just the race, but you. He leaned down and pressed a final, tender kiss to your forehead. Then, with the grace of a royal, he reached over and picked up the champagne bottle itself. He took a long, slow drink directly from it, his throat working as he swallowed.

He leaned back over you, his expression one of utter adoration. “My perfect, sweet prize,” he whispered.

He kissed you again, and this time, it was different. As his lips met yours, he tilted his head, letting the mouthful of champagne he held

trickle from his tongue into your waiting mouth. It was cool, sweet, mixed with the warmth of his saliva. You drank it down without hesitation, a small, happy sound rising in your throat as you swallowed the offering. You were his, completely and utterly, and in this drunken, gilded moment, there was nothing else you would rather be.

The world was a warm, pleasant blur, and he was its radiant, golden center. He sealed that thought with another kiss, long and deep, re-staking his claim on your mouth, your breath, your very consciousness. You were so lost in the sensation, in the haze of adoration and alcohol, that you barely registered the new movement at first. It was a slow, grinding roll of his hips, a gentle, inquisitive pressure against your own.

A soft, confused sound escaped your throat against his lips. Your body, acting on a primal instinct far beyond your conscious control, arched instinctively into the touch. It was all the encouragement he needed.

He pulled back from the kiss, leaving you panting, your lips wet and swollen. His face was flushed, his purple eyes blazing with a potent mix of lust and affection. His breath came in short, sharp bursts as he looked down at you, sprawled beneath him on the velvet chaise. His hips moved again, a more defined, rhythmic grind that sent a bolt of pure, unadulterated pleasure through you, startlingly intense.

“Ah, look at you,” he breathed, his voice a husky, reverent whisper. The motion continued, a steady, maddening rhythm against your core. “So beautiful, so utterly perfect. This is how you should always be—worshipped by me.”

“Opera…” you whimpered, the name a plea and a prayer all at once. Your hands, which had been clinging to his shoulders, slid down to grip the plush velvet of the chaise on either side of your head, your knuckles turning white. You had nothing to push against, nothing to leverage. You could only hold on to whatever was close by.

“Yes, that’s it,” he encouraged, his voice dropping lower as his thrusts became harder, more drawn out to increase the contact. The friction of his racing attire against your own clothes was creating an incredible, soaring heat. “Say my name. Let me hear my name on those beautiful, sweet lips. Let me hear it again.”

His hands roamed over your body, no longer content with just holding you. One hand slid down your side, his strong fingers digging into the

flesh of your hip, holding you steady, tilting you just so to meet his every movement. The other came up to thread through your hair, gripping a fistful not to hurt, but to anchor you, to ensure you couldn't look away. He was a force of nature, his much larger, stronger body leaving you utterly helpless, a ship tossed in the storm that was that tall, muscular body.

He leaned down, his mouth hovering just above yours. "Every race I run, I run with you in my mind," he confessed, his hips never ceasing their relentless rhythm. "Every victory is a bouquet I lay at your feet. But this… this is the real prize. Feeling you beneath me, hearing you cry out my name… this is the grandest victory of all."

"Op… Opera, please…" you gasped, your body arching, chasing the friction, the incredible pressure he was building inside you.

"Please what, my darling director?" he teased, lowering his head to kiss you again, a deep, sloppy kiss that silenced your pleas. His tongue plunged into your mouth, mimicking the rhythm of his hips, a devastatingly effective combination that sent your senses into overdrive. He was everywhere, a total sensory assault. The taste of him, the weight of him, the sound of his voice, the incredible feeling of his body moving against yours.

He pulled away from the kiss again, his own breath ragged. "You are so responsive. You tremble with every touch. Your whole body sings for me." He punctuated the sentence with a particularly hard thrust that made you give up a pathetic whimper from your throat. "Do you feel that? Do you feel how much I want you? How much I adore you? You were made for this. To be loved and cherished by me."

You could only whimper in response, your eyes screwed shut as waves of pleasure, hot and swirling, washed over you. You were completely lost, a helpless puppet dancing on his stage. You held on to the chaise, your body bucking against his, driven wild by the constant, overwhelming stimulation. He was right. You were made for this, to be utterly consumed by him, to be the object of his magnificent, all-consuming passion.

A switch flipped deep within the alcohol-soaked, pleasure-flooded recesses of your brain. The last barrier of passive acceptance shattered, replaced by an urgent, desperate need. Your hips, which had been helplessly pinned beneath him, began to move with a will of their own, lifting off the velvet to meet each and every powerful downward thrusts. It was a clumsy, frantic rhythm, a desperate

attempt to chase the unbearable pleasure that was threatening to explode. You buried your face against the solid wall of his chest, the smooth fabric of his racing silks pressing firmly against your cheek, and a loud, shameless moan vibrated from your throat into his body.

His reaction was instantaneous. A sharp, thrilled gasp escaped his lips, and his entire body seemed to energize, his movements gaining a new, triumphant ferocity.

“YES!” he cried out, his voice a joyous, adoring roar. “That’s it, my director! Meet my passion with your own! Show me! Show me how much you desire your Overlord! How much you adore that which we have created together!”

His words were a torrent, washing over you as he drove you harder and harder against the chaise. “Look at you, so wild and eager for me! So beautiful! I knew this fire was inside you! I knew it!”

You couldn't form words, couldn't think, couldn't do anything but cling to him, your fingers digging into the powerful muscles of his back. Your hips moved in a frantic, desperate dance with his, your moans becoming louder, punctuated by his name, sobbed out like a prayer. Everything, it was all spiraling towards an inevitable, explosive conclusion. The world narrowed to the point of contact between your bodies, the scent of his sweat and perfume, and his voice, endlessly praising, endlessly loving you.

With one final, desperate buck of your hips, your world dissolved into orgasmic sensation. A cry of bliss resounded from you as your body convulsed, a violent, uncontrollable spasm of pure release. The orgasm ripped through you, hot and messy, flooding your senses and soaking the front of your pants as you collapsed back against the cushions, utterly boneless. You were left limp and trembling, a hazy, senseless drool trickling from the corner of your slack mouth, your only sound a series of pathetic, exhausted whimpers.

Through the fog, you felt him pause for only a heartbeat.

“Oh, you are exquisite,” he panted, his voice thick and strained with his own building pleasure. He looked down at your spent, shuddering form with eyes full of ravenous adoration. “Absolutely breathtaking. But the opera is not over until the star takes his bow.”

His grip on you tightened, pinning you down with renewed force. His hips, which had paused for only a second, began to move again, faster and harder than before, a frantic, powerful piston against your still-

sensitive flesh. You cried out, a weak protest lost in the overwhelming new waves of stimulation.

“Stay with me yet my director,” he commanded, his voice a sensual growl. “Watch me! Feel me!! I want you to feel my adoration!”

His thrusts were a blur of motion, his powerful racer’s body built for this kind of relentless stamina. A deep, primal groan rumbled from his chest, and you felt the muscles of his thighs and abdomen clench like steel. With a final, powerful surge against you, his entire body went rigid, a violent shudder running through his magnificent frame as he cried out, his own powerful orgasm crashing through him.

For a moment, there was a blessed stillness. The only sound in the opulent room was the sound of two bodies panting, the air thick with the scent of sex and spilled champagne. You lay beneath him, utterly drained, your limbs feeling like lead, your brain a puddle of melted wax. It was over.

But as you took a shuddering breath, you realized it wasn’t. He didn’t roll off you. His body, though no longer moving with that frantic rhythm, remained tense, coiled with a vibrant, humming energy. His weight was still a heavy, coaxing blanket on top of you.

He was a top-tier umamusume, an athlete at the peak of his physical condition. An orgasm that would leave a human like you devastated for an hour was, for him, merely a short intermission.

He shifted slightly, a simple adjustment of his hips to settle more comfortably against you. The slight, slick friction it created was enough. A fresh jolt of electricity shot through your hypersensitive nerves, you felt it—the slow, inexorable pull of another wave beginning to build deep within your exhausted body.

“My star.”

End Notes

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

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